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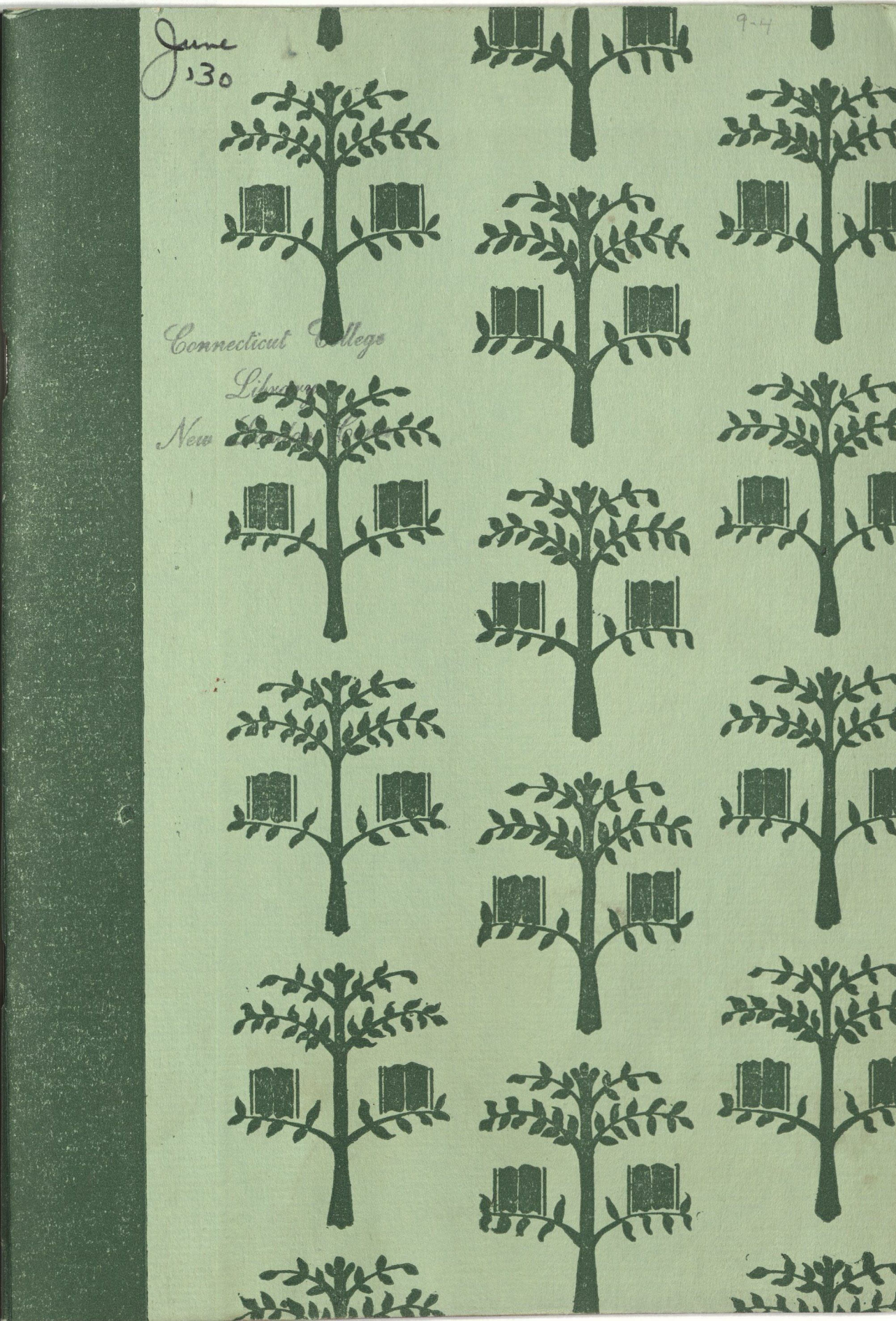

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CLIMAX

IN all the books Ritchie had ever read things always came to a climax. If there was a villainous father, he was consistently villainous. He did things for which anyone might be excused, for—well, bopping him off, you know. Ritchie hadn't read much about villainous mothers. To be sure there had been one book with a domineering one—the sort that forces her daughter-in-law to seek refuge in a foreign clime rather than endure her cold and silent scorn. It didn't turn out like that for Ritchie, and besides his mother had no daughter-in-law. Nevertheless, things were in a very bad condition. Ritchie knew it, and Ritchie was not mistaken —he never was about Mother.

It summed the whole thing up for him to come in from outside and see them sitting there, Mother reading the paper and Dad just smoking. It is terrible, or so thought Ritchie, when one's mother is the one of the house to read the paper. He always paused for a few seconds in the doorway in order to let the bitterness of the occasion sink into his soul. Tonight the bitterness had been ruined by an overdose of chocolate sodas. Ritchie went in without waiting. Mother looked up, of course. A wretched, but magnificent woman, reflected Richard.

"Where under the sun have you been, Ritch?"

A man, reflected her son once more in the bitterness of his soul—bitterness is a great word even to just think about—a man, and he couldn't go down to the corner without accounting to her for his absence.

"Down to get some cigarettes, Mother." He was conscious of a subdued quality in his voice. Dead. Lifeless. It was rather a pleasant thought—to be dead and lifeless. Ritchie repeated it. His father reached out and gave the book at his elbow a tiny push.

"Not half bad, Ritch. Oughta try it."

Ritchie looked at Dad. Poor old pater. There had been a time when his eyes had danced when they rested on his son. Ritch was not quite sure when that time was, but he knew it had been—there is in all the best books. They didn't dance now. They livened a little, but it was a sorry livening. Dad's eyes were man's eyes, meant to light up a man's face, but they didn't. They sagged like Dad's big body. Ritchie had to concentrate on Dad at this point, because sometimes he just wouldn't sag. Tonight, however, he sagged well. Indeed, he almost drooped. Dad didn't care at forty-seven, but he had cared at nineteen. Ritchie didn't

care at nineteen. He was not quite sure what all this caring was about, but to say the least it was absorbing. In fact, he was so busy not caring that he just stood there by the table and gaped at his father.

"I say!" said his father, staring.

"My word!" said his mother, following suit.

Ritchie reached out and picked up the book with firm brown fingers that had been meant to do myriad boy things, but never had—at least not lately.

"Thank you, sir," he said dully.

"Wha—wha—what the de—" began Richard, Sr.

Ritch took the book over into a corner, and gave the appearance of reading it. That was sham, you understand. He was afraid his father would realize that he didn't care, and his father's weary burden already weighed him down beyond endurance, or words to that effect. It was quite clear to him that something must be done. Now in a really decent book the mother would obligingly die off at this point, but Mother didn't look as though she intended doing anything so drastic, and anyway that is a bit of a tough proposition to make to a woman who makes good strawberry shortcake. Ritch thought. In short he cudgeled his brain for an idea, but nothing happened. Then through his mental pictures of indomitable women reading their husband's papers and driving their husband's cars the sweet face of Marjory Wescott suddenly beamed upon him. It was a sweet face—anyone has a few freckles. Ritchie was goaded. He had an inspiration.

"Mother," he asked casually, "when do you think you'll go see Aunt Carol?"

Mother, unaware of the terrible balance that was at stake in her answer, rattled the paper slightly, and made absent rejoinder, "Oh pretty soon."

Ritch repressed a sigh. Indifference. Pure indifference. She would snuff them both out with her cold indifference. Dad's shoulders were sagging more than ever under his frightful load. A faint rumbling sound, regular, distinct, and terminating in a slight whistle, gave mute evidence of his brave effort to keep a stiff upper lip. Ritch couldn't bear that sound. It cut him to the quick; it pierced him like a knife; it—it—well knocked him galley west, as it were. Every ounce of manhood in him surged to—to—surged up. He got to his feet and put his book down quietly.

"Mother," he said gently but firmly, "I don't want to upset you, but you've *got* to go right away."

"Why, Ritch, whatever in the world—Dick, did you hear that?"

Dad played up bravely. He blinked as if he had really been sleeping, and just stared, "Wassa matter?" he demanded.

"I just said Mother had oughta go to Aunt Carol's tomorrow. I think she should go right away, and stop putting it off."

"Huh?" said Dad stupidly, and Ritchie's secret soul rejoiced at his masterly acting. "Sure, go tomorrow, Kit. You might as well. I'll run you over. I've got nothing else to do." Stout heart, thought Richard approvingly.

Mother sighed and returned to the paper. "Oh all right."

Ritch knew in his secret soul that this at last was the climax, the point where his whole life's history hung in the balance. It being difficult to keep up a brave front in the face of Dad's masterly acting—once he even wondered if Dad was really snoring—he went to bed.

The sun rose upon the day of the climax. Ritch had a furious attack of nine o'clock illness and took breakfast in bed, it being absolutely necessary that he be present when his father faced the horrible issue. If it is a decent sort of book at all, people always face issues together.

On the way over to Aunt Carol's he sat grimly in the front seat with his father, and answered his mother's random questions out of the side of his mouth. He had a vague feeling that he should take the wheel, for there was danger of Dad's collapsing but Dad didn't drop any hints, and he didn't offer. Mother talked. She kept right on talking even when Aunt Carol came out to take her into the house—talked about all the silly little holds she had upon these two men whom she undoubtedly loved, but was ruining—things like the goldfish, and getting up before noon, and please not letting every light in the house burn all night. She was a magnificent woman, was Mother, but he and Dad must kick the traces before it was too late—if it wasn't already.

Dad—a little lump came into Ritch's throat to hear the plucky sound—Dad whistled as he started back. What could one say in the face of such courage? The climax was here. He must not fail.

"I hope," he said gently, "that it is not too late."

"Eh?" Dad didn't dare stop whistling.

"It hurt, but we had to do it. A man should read his own paper in his own house."

Dad twisted around and looked his son square in the eye. It took courage, but he never flinched. Ritch felt a little shiver go up and down his back. He didn't flinch either. Dad looked suddenly out across the fields on the opposite side of the road from Ritchie. "Yes," he said, "That is if he likes to read papers."

The moment was here. Ritchie laid his arm on his father's shoul-

der "Poor old pater," he said. "But we'll get rid of this terrible thing. I'll make her stay with Aunt Carol a bit until you get your feet. A second time I'll be able to trust to your manhood."

The shoulder beneath Richard's hand shook—pitifully—but the boy was staunch at his post. "I'll stand by you a bit, pater. I'll help you bear up." But the rigidness of that shoulder became more than he could bear. He must do something. "Dad," he said, "We'll just have a crack time forgetting. Why look, the Junior Prom's next week, and you could sorta have your crowd up for poker. I'd be mighty careful of the car, and she wouldn't be here to scold. Gotta get a—girl—transported somehow. C'mon, Dad, we're regler men! We're free!"

Dad bowed suddenly over the wheel, his shoulders shaking convulsively. It was some time before he could pull himself together. Ritch generously studied the scenery. At last the words come out.

"Sure, son, we'll do that. Don't—er—smash anything. We'll make the best of this thing yet."

For some unaccountable reason as they rode, in accordance with the best of books, through the golden glitter of the May sunshine in perfect silence and understanding, Dad began to whistle again and Ritch forgot to notice the plucky sound.

BETRAYED

And now the treacherous Spring has caught me
Unaware
With manacles of heavy blossoms for my wrists,
With a thin moon pressed against me
Where
My heart is;
Spring stabs the unbeliever who resists.
And he will stuff my mouth
With thick silence,
And blind me
With green after-glow on mist;
Spring's prisoner once again,
Stunned by Spring's violence,
Locked in Spring's feathery house,
Forced
To keep tryst
With old enchantments scented of May rain,
I shall go mad—
I shall believe in love
Again.

Mary Q. Hess, '31

THE MASTER KNOT

THE Visitor pushed the door ajar and looked in—"Here I am," he said to John Landor, "Are you ready?"

"No," said John, "I love life and I don't want to leave it." He was half-consciously aware of the doctors and nurses around him and the odor of ether. But he could not see Enid standing by the window.

"You must come in tho and have a cigarette—ask one of those fellows—altho possibly they won't let you smoke in here—wouldn't let Uncle Hobart when Great Grandmother Landor died—remarkable old lady Great Grandmother Landor—died singing "Rock of Ages"—possibly you remember? Had us sing it with her, you know—grouped around the bed, like this—when she died my mother fainted, fell over backward, and her bonnet fell off. My most vivid impression—I was only a little fellow—didn't know how to smoke then. But you might try it at least here—maybe the custom has changed."

The Visitor closed the door after him, and crossed the room. To Landor's surprise he was dressed in a conservative grey tweed business man's suit and carried a malacca cane and grey fedora.

"Thanks but I carry my own," he said seating himself in the most comfortable chair and stretching his long legs, "So you don't want to die? You know, of course, that your wife's unfaithful to you?"

"Yes," said Landor, looking in the direction of Enid's motionless figure.

"You know that you're the laughing stock of half your friends and an object of pity to the other half?"

"I suspected that."

"You realize also, that you have failed in business and have lost your entire fortune?"

"Yes, I knew that."

"Then what in God's name, man, have you to live for?"

"Because I love life," said John Landor again, "And I have found underneath all the filth and sordidness that makes up a great deal of it —underneath, there is a fundamental beauty and joy in simply being alive that is stronger than all disappointments and heartaches. Call it soul if you like, but a soul is too intangible, too illusive—this is real, it is intoxicating like wine—it's *life force*, filling me so intensely that I am blind and impervious to everything else."

"Sounds like another woman," commented the Visitor drily.

Landor was paying no attention.

"Listen," he said, "Did you ever feel the Spring, hazy, evanescent, breathless—did you ever notice rain drenched lilacs, their beauty catching your throat—or fog, did you ever walk far in fog, thick enveloping fog that smells of the sea and clings to your face like damp fuzz? It makes you feel clean—inside."

"You didn't used to feel this way," interrupted the Visitor, "What changed you?"

"It happened last summer," said Landor, "After I discovered the truth about Enid and Trevor. You see before she deceived me I had worshipped her as an ideal of everything fine and lovely in the world, altho I never entirely understood her cool passive expression and utter lack of imagination. Hers was a cold beauty and a manner that goes with that sort of beauty, but I loved her. When her deceit and clever trickery with Trevor showed her up to me and shot me all to pieces—I felt as empty and dry as an old cask. I was nearly tormented to death for a few weeks and in the midst of my suffering a queer, fantastic idea came into my head—I resolved to leave Enid and to search the country, the world if necessary, for some proof that life is worth living, is worth all the pain and the shocks it throws upon us. In my present condition I didn't believe it was,—I was hungry for the meaning of life and I thought I could find it out in some countryside, since life in the city had failed me.

Landor paused a moment, "This is a long story," he said, "And doubtlessly you're a busy man, so I'll skip a lot of details and get to the end."

"Well I covered quite a bit of ground vagabond style for some time, observing the quiet unobtrusive people in the country. When my money ran out I slept in barns and worked for meals. Once I met up with a band of gypsies and traveled with them. I gradually thought of Enid less and less. Finally I thought no more of her than of a stranger who jostled me in the street and then passed quickly on, neither of us to meet again and not caring. Instead I was intent on my search for something to prove to me that life was worth living. And at last I found it.

It was in the midst of a wood on a warm sultry afternoon. I saw suddenly thru the trees almost at my feet, a pool of clear water, and sitting on the brink dangling her bare legs over the ledge was a girl. She was leaning back on her two hands, her head thrown back, her eyes wide apart, intently watching a pair of thrushes build a nest above her. Her lips were parted with eagerness, her eyes glowed, her whole body tense in the process of watching. Her hair fell around her shoulders in loose damp waves, for she had evidently come out of the pool just a short

while before. Suddenly she sprang to her feet, stretching her long slim arms above her head, gloriously—abandonedly—her supple young body gleamed like a white birch in the sunlight—her face was exultant—then she laughed—joyous, uncontrolled laughter, and her laughter fell on my heart as the sun fell on her upturned face, warm, and sweet, and I knew that I had found the true meaning of life. She felt it too—that life is real and vital in just being alive and feeling the aliveness and living the aliveness and breathlessness of it all. Stretching out both hands for great handfuls of it—blinding sunlight—drenching rains—murky fogs —All these are enough in their very beauty to offset the evil that surrounds people. I closed my eyes to the dazzling symbol she was to me and when a few seconds later I opened them she had disappeared. The whole scene had not lasted more than ten seconds. That's why I want to live, my friend, because life is a pearl of great price to me and I love it intensely."

The Visitor smiled sardonically and rose to his feet.

"Well," he said, "Since this seems to be the case, Mr. Landor, I guess you and I will have to wait for a later date to do business together. I'll drop in sometime again."

He pulled his long legs out of the chair, and put out his cigarette in the nearby ash tray. Still holding his hat and cane he stepped briskly out of the room. His goodbye echoed back from the hallway.

The Doctor straightened up and quietly began folding his stethoscope, "Well, Mrs. Landor," he said, "Your husband is going to live. He has the strongest heart of any man I ever knew."

Helen L. Benson, '30

HARBOR HANGERS-ON

Why do you fly so fast?
The fleet, white softness under your wing
Catches the sun, like a moment of quick, breath-taking joy.

Careless of any murkiness beneath,
You circle, devotees of motion.
Won't you lend us a measure of your grace?
Or something of your confidence?

Marjorie Seymour, '33

A FATHER SPEAKS

There she goes—my Guinevere!
Yesterday a little girl—tomorrow—Queen of Christendom!
Such a little girl! It needs a man to make such leaps.
A slim little thing—will it bend her
Or will she break?

Only a little while since she sat
On the terrace there—embroidering something blue—
How the doves loved to brush against her golden hair!

When I came home to tell her the great news,
She shivered a little, and leaned her white cheek
Against my rough one, and didn't seem to realize it.

I've done the best I could—I'm not a small man—
I've made a place, and married my daughter to the Great King.
Why it's wonderful! She's Queen of Women!
And yet she's my little girl.

Arthur's a good man, everyone says so.
But he has an iron will,
And that bit of scandal about Bellicent rather troubles me.
Still he's King, and he loves my Guinevere
And she'll love him, and she'll be dazzled
By the golden walls of Camelot.

It's a long road there, and I didn't like the way
That young knight looked at her,
And Guinevere seemed to half answer him.
But she's a good girl—she'll be true.

I can hardly see her now—
Only the blue of her dress,
And Lancelot's near her—she'll be safe.

They've reached the pass—just the spears now—Why
Is that cloud spreading behind them?

Bianca Ryley, '30

ROBERT BROWNING AND ELIZABETH BARRETT: ROMANCE

LOVE stories have been sung from time immemorial. Paul and Virginia, Aucassin and Nicolette, Pyramus and Thisbe—all immortal; and among them ranks the romance of Robert and Elizabeth—the romance which will be known as long as names are remembered.

Possibly—probably—the curious mingling of optimism and pessimism, the good-humoredness, the simplicity, the naturalness, and the subtility of Browning's character had much to do with his love. These curious contradictions of characteristics were present throughout his life. They are shown from his birth in May, 1812, through his pleasurable early education in the same school he attended when he was very young. They continue, added to vanity, through his youth, and are shown in his early poems. They endure through his marriage, which took place when he was thirty-four, and through his travellings to Italy, to Belgium, to Holland, to France. They last, finally, through the esteem which characterized his receptions during his later life in London, up to the very moment of his death in 1889.

In his love, particularly, are his mingling characteristics noticed. His impetuous spirit never required very much urging to do anything which might appeal to it; and when at last his longing to write to Miss Barrett grew intense—Old Mr. Kenyon, kindly, gentle, always-loved, was a sincere friend of Browning's, as well as a relative of Elizabeth Barrett. And when, as I have said, Robert's desire to communicate with the poet whose works he so admired became great, it was Mr. Kenyon who uttered the words of encouragement. Did the kindly old man have any power of clairvoyance? Could he possibly foretell the future? Why, at any rate, did he carefully give descriptions of the poets, one to the other?

"Robert Browning," he may have said to Elizabeth, "is a man of seemingly small accomplishment. He is not distinguished, not peculiar, not remarkable. His eyes are clear and blue, his nose slightly beakish. Generally he is quiet, reserved, simple, sane, and reasonable. Yet at times, when his flair for feelings and emotions superimposes on the calm, he becomes vivaciously conversational, witty and sardonic, and his talking is very inconsistent, jumping suddenly from one topic to another. At all times he expresses a true and sincere admiration for your poems."

And, likewise, to Robert, "Elizabeth Barrett is a learned, moral young woman, who looks younger than her forty years, and whose face is made beautiful by her large and expressive eyes. Although she is an

invalid in a neurotic condition because of her father's influence, she is nevertheless modest, gentle, sweet, and charitable. Her heart is the eager heart of a child. Her interest in everything is great—even her interest in your own poems...."

As a result of Mr. Kenyon's encouragement, Robert Browning lost no time in writing to Elizabeth Barrett. His first letter to her began with the words "I love"—though, to be sure, the object of his love at that time was her verses. She answered this first letter of admiration with a charmingly-worded note, confessing her own interest and delight in his verses. The correspondence, which continued for a year before the poets personally met each other, culminated at last when Browning asked that he might call. Not only the Barrett family, but also Elizabeth herself, were horrified. "Why if the Sultan himself were to call, I could not be more astonished." "And even then," said her sister, "it would not do!" To Browning, Elizabeth made the usual feminine excuses: she was not worth seeing—his interest lay not in her, but in her verses—distance produced a glamour that proximity would destroy; but in spite of rebuffs, Browning's persistency was victorious and an interview was granted.

Was the chatting stiff and unnatural? Or was it easy and charming? At any rate, correspondence increased, and the visits became more numerous, more hoped for. Gradually it was "Dear Robert," and "Your Ba," and "Dearest Ba," and "Your own Robert." And into their letters and their speech came an intimate breathlessness, an unexplained ecstasy, a timid expectancy.

Mr. Barrett, still an autocratic ruler of his family, was hostile to the correspondence, hostile to the visits, hostile to the general atmosphere of the unexpected. It wasn't young Browning, as he told one of his friends, but the whole complexion of the affair. His daughter should have been thinking of another world.

I wonder if Robert's first proposal caused heart-ache and misery because it could not be accepted, or gladness and joy because of the love? At any rate, it was rejected; but the more frequently the offerings came, the less willingly they were refused. Finally, when her doctors told Miss Barrett that she might recover from her illness if she took a trip to Italy, Browning suggested that they marry, and make the Italian trip their honeymoon; and Elizabeth Barrett, overwhelmed by the thought of obtaining health and love in a single step, cast aside parental fear, and decided to accept the proposal.

On September 12, 1846, Elizabeth Barrett, fearless and unaccompanied for almost the first time in years, walked out of her father's

house, and secured a cab. She felt decidedly weak—she had to stop at a chemist's shop for some sal volatile. She confesses that when she met Mr. Browning at the church where they were to be married, he thought she looked "more dead than alive;" but she adds that her trust in him provided her with strength. On the parish register of St. Marylebone Church, London, is a record of the marriage of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning.

Immediately after their marriage, Mrs. Browning returned to her home as Elizabeth Barrett, and Robert Browning went to his rooms without seeing anyone. They were separated for a week; and in that week, each lived his customary routine, no one suspecting the marriage—last of all Mr. Barrett, who might have prevented their future plans. But on September 19, in the dim still morning, Elizabeth Barrett-Browning!—again left her home, now for all time. She was accompanied by a tearful but loyal maid, who carried a small valise, and by Flush, her beloved dog, who carefully obeyed his mistress' command "not to bark." Mrs. Browning met her husband, who was anxiously waiting near-by; and at ten o'clock, husband and wife took the boat for Havre.

Throughout their marriage, their ideal love and perfect understanding lived unimpaired. Their life together was not a connected slow-moving monotony, but rather a series of ecstatic incidents. On their arrival at Vaucluse, when they were together watching the foaming waters of a brook, Robert Browning took his wife in his arms and carried her across the gurgling froth to enthrone her on a rock rising majestically from the stream—When their son was born in 1849, their joy was boundless; but it was broken when news came of the death of Browning's mother. The sorrow-stricken father and husband was comforted by the preesnce of his son and by the sympathetic understanding of his wife. Periodical differences on spiritualism left no trace on the general calm. Mrs. Browning's sincere belief, and Mr. Browning's utter incredulity of table-tapping and ghost speeches might well have been an issue between them. During their life together they travelled through France, where they met Beranger, the sparkling, once-too-"endimanchée" for Mrs. Browning's tastes George Sand. They went to England, where Browning commemorated his marriage by kissing the flagstones in front of the church where it had taken place. But they always returned to their beloved Florence.

Throughout this period Elizabeth Browning's good health had been intermittent; but when, in the seventeenth year of their married life, she showed signs of the return of her old bronchial trouble, neither Robert nor she considered her condition serious. One night, however, when Browning was worried, he stayed in her room; and in the early morning, realizing sorrowfully that she would not be well again, he took

her in his arms, and laid his cheek against hers. And her last word, when asked how she felt, was "Beautiful—"

* * * * *

That year Browning continued his custom of visiting the church where his marriage had been solemnized, of kneeling in front of it and kissing the flagstones where his wife had stepped. His endless devotion was forever apparent, although his "moon" had set.

Betty Boeker, '33

HUMANITY AND MAY BATHING

THERE are two kinds of people: those who go swimming in May and those who do not go swimming in May. The former are liars; the latter are cowards; and from them both we derive our term humanity. It is warm up on the hill. There are birds flopping about making weird noises. There are young leaves in evidence on the maples, and at night the frogs set up an unearthly piping from all the ponds nearby. In fact it is spring, and the family are considering motoring all the way up from New York just to be in the great outdoors. It is at this time of the year that the split in humanity becomes noticeable. Just here Ole Man Sunshine marks his favorites with a ruddy chalk.

One piece of humanity takes to the shady side of the porch with cool pitchers, a book, a card table, and a radio. The other piece girds up its loins in beach costume, rolls up its bathing suit in the last clean towel, and takes manfully to the beach. At the beach it is not quite so balmy. There is a decided ocean breeze, and the sand is not so warm as one's fond expectations have led one to suppose. In fact it is cold at the beach, but one half of humanity will not admit it. They sit in sunbacked white linens or shivery flannels, barefacedly declaring that they are having the time of their lives. To an individual of this type the shady porch is very distasteful. I should not go so far as to say that it never figures in his dreams, but it does so in ashamed secrecy.

The first dip into May waters is a subject for poetic treatment, but no poet has ever availed himself of the opportunity—nor probably ever will. Poets in general belong to the shady side of the porch. It is a terrible moment when the eyes of the world are focussed on you as you stand poised on the end of the walk. You catch a fleeting glimpse of the shady porch then, and to your terrified eye the water assumes its true aspect—that of a pitcher of ice water. You take a deep breath, and,

with the eyes of the world upon you, but fully expectant of cramps, sharks, paralysis, and frozen ears, you plunge in. This plunge must be made from the extreme end of the pier. It must be abrupt and unmeditated, with no preparatory dipping of toes in the water. The eye of the world must be forced open in admiration. The diver must smile as he comes to the surface. He must smile and start to swim the length of the beach with a lazy crawl. If a thousand needles seem to be puncturing his arms, and the soles of his feet have a numb feeling, he must yell anything that comes into his head, so long as he says in substance, "It's great!"

When the awful swim is over, the swimmer may advance up the beach with confidence. He has acquitted himself in the eyes of the world. He may towel his face with gusto and light a cigarette with a swagger. He has certainly "done noble." Ole Man Sunshine gets out his chalk of merit with a grin as the captain courageous stretches himself out on the sand—he is indeed distinguished if he can coax himself to let his hair rest in it—and falls into a pleasant state of coma from which only flying drops from some other wet suit, or sparks from his own cigarette can arouse him. It is at this stage that wistful dreams of the shady porch are likely to assail him. As the genial rays of the sun permeate his being, however, his chilly soul is warmed. The porch fades into the background, and he is quite justified in picturing himself rescuing the woman of his choice from a burning building, or telling his math prof just exactly where he fits into Darwin's theory. In his dreamier moments he may even rescue the girl together with the math prof and grandly wave aside all thanks the while he cherishes a math flunk note in his secret bosom (occasionally confused with a coat pocket).

The May bather emerges from his trance with a start whenever the sun dodges behind a cloud. And the sun is not very thoughtful; he dodges behind clouds frequently. As the afternoon gradually becomes evening, however, there comes one superb start that arouses the starter to complete consciousness. He rises and stretches lazily, luxuriously. He fixes his companion with beaming eye, and instinctively glances at his own shoulders. They do not appear very ruddy in the white glare of the sand, and he is slightly disappointed. He yawns, however, and says, "Guess we oughta dress, huh? I don't think we'll have time to go in again, do you?" There never is time.

On the trolley, going home, he reaps the reward of the virtuous. In the semi-shade of the car, set off by the whiteness of his civilian garb, his sunburn is decidedly noticeable. In fact he looks like a boiled lobster—a very commendable way to look in early May. He is con-

scious of a crisp feeling in the upper regions of his back and the lower regions of his legs—a feeling that prompts him to perch on the edge of his seat and not to move suddenly in any direction. His clothes, be they ever so scanty, begin to rub. He feels that sudden motion would cause him to crack, and so he is painfully still. The eyes of the world are still upon him, however, and he is unaccountably happy.

Glory still awaits him. "What a sunburn! Let me feel it. Where did you get it? Isn't it killing you?" The glamour lasts for approximately three hours. At this point one must exercise great self-control, and refrain from posting a sign on the back of one's shirt. "I got all this sunburn today at Ocean Beach! It hurts! The water was cold! You should have been there!" Notoriety grows embarrassing and decidedly annoying. Sunburn finally makes one sympathize with Lindbergh.

However, the sunburn turns to tan, and, after sleepless nights and agonizing days, contentment ensues. The ice has been broken—almost literally one might say—and the first flush of glory is over. And where are the sitters on the shady porch? Just one jump behind those who hope to acquire a tan in a bathing suit on the front lawn. The former taste but a mockery of real adventure—experience only a borrowed glory. The latter get not even that. They are but people reading of adventure on a winter evening beside a comfortable fire. They may be poets and dreamers, but they are not adventurers. Ole Man Sunshine never really marks them with his chalk. There are two kinds of people: those who go swimming with adventure in May, and those who sit on a shady porch with long cool drinks. The former claim to enjoy their adventures and are liars; the latter merely think about them and are cowards. Ole Man Sunshine and I love good liars.

Esther Tyler, '33

The sodden road was dripping like a sponge,
The brown road promised nothing,
Drab fields lay stolidly, waiting for the Spring,
And stone walls shut me out.
Corot had passed that way with gloomy brush,
And swept the landscape bare.

Bianca Ryley, '30

SONG OF THE BRIDGE

Black and gray, black and gray,
I shoulder a load for every day,
And never shall be free;
An iron pattern of squares, to lie
Like a fisher's net stretched out to dry
Where the river meets the sea.

Starred with gold, starred with gold,
When darkness hides what the day has told
And beauty comes to me—
With a crown of gems of lucent glow
And comet trails in the gloom below
Where the river meets the sea.

Strange and still, strange and still,
When the creeping fog with fingers chill
Weaves a web of mystery—
There I may lurk 'til the mist is gone,
A crouching beast in the gray of dawn,
Where the river meets the sea.

Alma Bennett '33

SONG FOR EARLY SPRING

High is the hill;
Shrill is its tone.
In the dark and still
I am so alone.

I have found no place,
I have felt no fear,
I have seen no face,
This year, this year.

A drift of song
Goes north my night.
I open my door;
I blow out my light.

Mary Scott, '32